Old Flames

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41950473.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Charlie Countryman (2013), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier/Will Graham, Anthony Dimmond/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Will Graham & Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Bedelia Du Maurier, Anthony Dimmond, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal Lecter Being Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter Being an Asshole, Hannibal Lecter is Whipped, Will Graham Knows, Alternate Universe, CEO, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Jealous Hannibal Lecter, Jealous Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Married Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Gay Sex, Male Homosexuality, Jealousy, Weddings, Murder Husbands, Freeform, First Love, Slow Burn, Mutual Pining, Pining, Older Man/Younger Man, Will Graham is a Tease, Will Graham is So Done, Top Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Nigel and Hannibal are twins, Insecure Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Smitten Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of My Hannigram AUs
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-26 Updated: 2022-10-03 Words: 4,181 Chapters: 4/?

Old Flames

by LecterMikkelsen

Summary

Will Graham, one of the most powerful and prestigious CEO, and entrepreneur in the world gets a shock when his former "mentor", a competitor is back in America.
OR

Yeah CEO verse where Will is the heir to the world's biggest tech company called "Graham Innovatives."
Hannibal mentored and guided Will when he was 18, they were lovers, and Hannibal is an entrepreneur too.

Notes

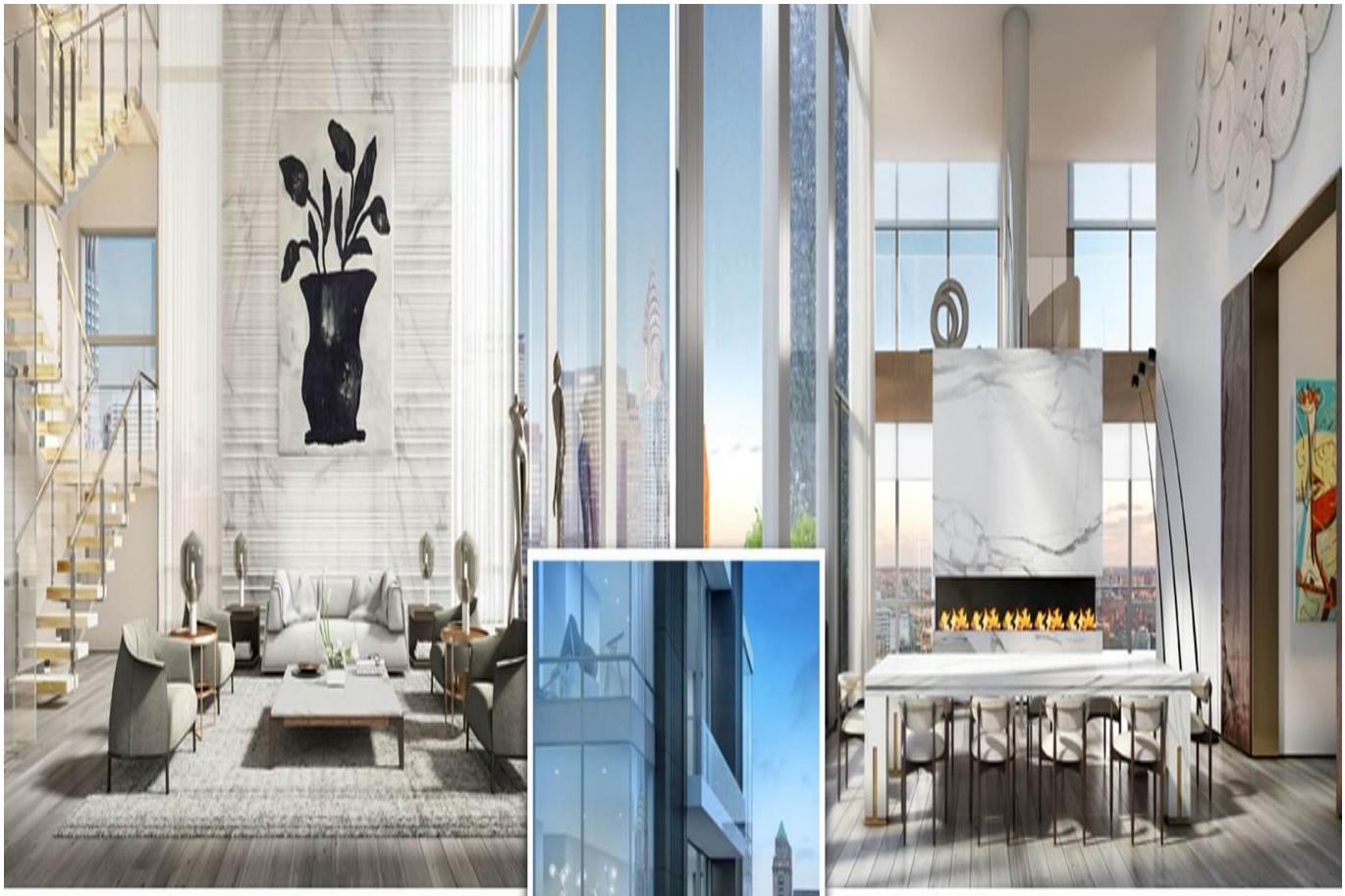
See the end of the work for notes

One

Chapter Notes

This idea came to me as I rewatched Gossip Girl and Social Network.

See the end of the chapter for more notes



you know i

Will Graham sat in his dining room of *Le Penthouse* at *173 Madison Avenue*, comprising five floors with glass walled living spaces, ceilings, and outdoor terraces boasting river-to-river views. Contemporary interior design benefits from massive amounts of air and natural light.

The chef served *Marseille-Style Shrimp Stew* swiftly.

Will murmured a 'thank you' as the chef bowed and silently left.

"How was the Kohl meeting, Jerry told me, you did *splendidly*. Although, hearing the *exclusive* from you is, another thing." Will's shareholder and one of his oldest family friends, occasional lover, Bedelia, spoke as she sipped on her *pinôt noir* while watching the news.

Will swallowed his bite and dapped his lips with the napkin and set his fork down.

"Yes, it went *surprisingly* well than I thought. The deal was amplified a bit and negotiated, nothing I can't *handle*." Will replies, dismisses her doubt with a hand, and sips wine.

"And *what* are you going to do about the *fact* that Hannibal Lecter is *coming back* to America?" Bedelia quirks calmly and stares at Will.

Will almost chokes on his wine but covers it with a forced laugh.

"*Is he?* I *didn't* know, what am I *supposed* to do. If he *wants* to come back, then he *shall*." Will sarcastically replies as he gulps the rest of the wine.

Nope, the wine will not do. He needs something more strong.

Bedelia sets her glass down on the table and walks toward Will.

Will looks up at her with a raised brow, questioning her next move.

She comes to stand behind him as she starts to massage his shoulders.

Will sucks in a breath and relaxes.

"Do you think I'm *that* blind?" Bedelia dryly asks.

"No." Will firmly replies.

"Will, you *better* have a plan, because you're *not* 16 and Hannibal's not... your *mentor* anymore." Bedelia ventures.

"I know, Bedelia. If I can break the stock market with my performance, how *difficult* would be handling my old *mentee*."

"Isn't *that* just it, but *is it?* He *isn't* just a *mentor* to you and you *weren't* just a *student* to him. I heard all the *rumors* and know things before I got into bed with you, Will. *Don't* take me for a fool." Bedelia hissed as she poked him with a finger and strode away.

"Bedelia, what would you *advise*?" Will rasped at her.

Bedelia stops by the door frame and tilts her head back a bit.

"In the public eye, Hannibal and you are seen on good terms, they don't *know* what had conspired, they just assume, you two *drifted* apart as Hannibal returned to Europe. You can set the *record* straight. We are, after all hosting the *Winter Gala* next week. I *would* make sure he gets an invite." Bedelia countered.

"Oh, the *classic act* you mean. Thank you, Bedelia." Will nodded as Bedelia gave him a small smile and left.

Will sighed as he got up and got himself some scotch.

It was gonna be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

Yikes you like this?
My socials: gellertlecter.carrd.co

Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Winter Gala of Graham Innovatives

Chapter Notes

Hi guys did you like the plot and Au?
And the names I mention like the halls, hotels, penthouse, dishes, wine anything noun or like branded is like irl. I don't own them I just like to keep things realistic and stick to the imagination.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Annual Winter Charity Gala hosted by the Graham's was one of the most *anticipated* events of the year. Lavish details, no expense is left and all the luxurious detail taken, no compromises taken, hosted in the *Mandarin Oriental* situated on *80 Columbus Cir*, it was attended by the *elite* of all of *NY state* and special invitees were also a part of the special night.

Hannibal was *surprised*, when his assistant announced, that on the *24th of October*, he was invited to the *Graham Winter Gala*. To be honest, he never thought that, he would *actually* get an invite to any of the Graham galas as Will had, now taken on the mantle.

He arrived in his *Aston Martin DB11*.

He posed for some photographs on the red carpet rolled out, with his *fake-it-till-you-make-it-face* on with his infamous smirk.

He was wearing a *Tom Ford* blue three-piece suit with a striped tie, a vintage *Rolex* on his left hand, *Canary* silver cufflinks with *H.L* on either, and *Steve Madden* black dress shoes.

He was greeted by his old collaborators, some of his colleagues, and employees of the time, he was in America ten years ago.

He mingled around for some time and then headed to the bar and ordered a *scotch*, neat.

Bracing his elbow on the counter, he took in the view, Jack Crawford with his wife Bella, one of his old friends was there, and Beverly, his assistant with some guy was in attendance.

As the bartender served his drink, he slipped a hundred-dollar bill and took a swing of his drink as he searched for the main reason he came to the Gala.

Will.

There he was.

Looking quite, dashing and handsome as he was more than 10 years ago but still the same, *radiant* and *eye grappling as ever*.

He was wearing an *Armani* suit with the upper buttons unbuttoned, stripped lines on his suits, *Apple* smart watch on his right arm, *Fendi* dress shoes, his hair throuseled from running his hands too many times.

Will was having a conversation with some women raven-haired woman, Alana, as he laughed and took a sip of his champagne.

A dull ache overcame Hannibal's chest as he took over his ex-lover.

He had missed Will more than he had imagined.

When they had parted, due to uncertain circumstances, it was quite *difficult* but it was for the best.

Even now, when he drank the site of Will, he felt dizzy, Will always had that effect on him.

In quick three turns, he drank the scotch and kept the glass back on the counter.

A blonde, green-eyed woman in her 40s made her way toward him with a smirk on her face.

Hannibal smirked back and tilted his head.

"Bedelia, looking beautiful as ever, how is *Brandon* these days?" Hannibal greeted her and kissed her cheek.

"Hannibal, I heard you were back. You're not looking so bad yourself, and you so well know that Brandon and I are not together." Bedelia sneered, ordering a dry martini.

"Oh, yes the tabloids don't lie then. You have *acquired* the company of Will now." Hannibal retorted.

"Oh, Hannibal don't be *jealous* now. You left the boy and *practically* gifted wrapped him and presented him to me. I kept my promise of guiding him as told. Now, that you're here, I don't think I'm *needed*." Bedelia hissed as she stirred her martini and ate the olive.

Hannibal was about to reply but Will interrupted them.

"Oh my god Hannibal! You *actually* came, I feel so *honored* with my *mentor's* presence!" Will exclaimed as he pulled Hannibal into a hug.

For a few moments, Hannibal was stiff, but then gladly returned the hug and *inhaled* Will's scent.

Still, the same blend of fresh, spicy, and musky, Sauvage Dior Cologne with the patchouli, geranium, pink pepper, and elemi Hannibal thinks.

Will notices, sighs, and whispers, "Stop *smelling* me." Will pulls back and puts his fake smile on and heads towards the small stage that has been set up.

Will gently taps the mic on the podium thrice to get everyone's attention, the buzz of conversation dies down slowly and people movie their attention on Will.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen and welcome to *Annual Graham Winter Charity Gala.* I hope you're enjoying this evening and yourselves and *unselfishly* contributing to help the needy and unprivileged people around the world, with the help of the *Red Cross* in association with *Graham Innovatives.* Now, this evening, we have a *very* special person, present among us. He has been my *mentor* since I was a young teenager and my grandfather's guidance through the years. Please, let's raise a *toast* to my special guest of the evening, Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Welcome back, New York have *immensely* missed you." Will smiles and raises his champagne flute along with others towards Hannibal.

"Thank you, Dr. Lecter, for your *guidance*, achievements, and incredible ideas, if you *weren't* there I don't know, how I would have *handled* all my empire and how I would have *turned* out."

Hannibal grits his teeth and smiles back and raises his glass in response.

Still, the cheeky brat he was, Hannibal muses.

Will bows as the audience clap and gets off the stage and disappears into the crowd.

Hannibal takes the last of his remaining second scotch and takes off to find Will.

Chapter End Notes

Hehe, our sassy Graham as ever.
You all like the plot?
Please please tell me and I'll continue or I'll just end it in the next chapter.

My socials are in this link gellertlecter.carrd.co

Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finds Wil on the balcony and they have a long awaited conversation.

Chapter Notes

Hehe I'm back.
So...well thank you for the amazing comments! Love you all!
And let's get the show on the road, shall we?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After asking several people, he finds Will, outside on a secluded balcony.

Taking in the crisp chill air, he huffs and takes in the sight of Will Graham, who is smoking, leaning on his elbows, against the railing.

Hannibal settles beside Will and looks at him, resting his elbows, mimicking Will.

"Hello, Will."

"Hello*, Dr. Lecter*."

Hannibal smiles as Will blows and turns to look at him.

"That was very *welcoming* of you, Will. I didn't expect an invite, let alone a toast from you." Hannibal remarks as he swaths the smoke away.

"Well, Dr. Lecter, we have been *acquaintances* for so long, I felt *obligated* to welcome you *back*." Will snaps and then crushes the cigarette.

He knows Hannibal *despises* smoking.

"We *both* know, *that's* not the case, you just wanted to make the first move. That was quite *rude* of you, Will."

"*Rude of me?* What are you gonna do, kill me too? Like my grandfather?" Will argued.

Hannibal, suddenly grabs Will's both arms and traps him on the railing.

"It was *self-defense*, you very well know it Will, and you *know* that I *won't*. *You*, of all people, *do* know." Hannibal calmly replies as Will gasps.

They stare into each other's eyes, Hannibal strokes Will's right cheek as Will leans into his hands and closes his eyes as he sighs.

Their lips meet for a hard kiss, as Hannibal sucks on Will's lower lips, then pushes his tongue inside Will's mouth, sucking his tongue, exploring his mouth as he did years ago. The same taste with a pinch of champagne and chocolate, Hannibal feels he's drunk on the taste, Will bites Hannibal's lip as he moans and pulls on the lapels of the suit to push him closer. Hannibal strokes his hair on the back of his neck and then puts light kisses on his neck, and taking advantage of his unbuttoned neck, sucks on the spot where the neck meets the collarbone, earning him a deep-throated moan from Will.

They both gasp for air as they stand close to each other, not wanting to let go yet, Will buries his head in Hannibal's neck, takes in his scent and he starts grinding slowly as puts a knee between Hannibal's legs and they both moan at the friction generating.

"Hannibal."

"Yes, Will?"

"Why? *Why?!*"

"Your father gave me an *ultimatum*, Will."

Will pulls back, immediately.

"*What?!"*

"Will, he gave a choice, to stay back nd marry you but you'll never be the taken in for the CEO and chairmen of the company, and I couldn't do that to you, Will, I couldn't, when all your life you envisioned that, wanted to do that, all your life. So, I took the second option, to leave America, silently and nnever ocome back or he'll expose you for the murder of your grandfather. I'm sorry, Will, I'm so sorry." Hannibal pleads and explains as Will cries on his shoulder.

"My *own* father?!"

"Will..."

"You *should* have told me, Hannibal! You should have! We could have-"

"We could have nothing, Will, I was a *mere* entrepreneur just starting on, you were just 18, so young. Your father would have done *everything* in his power to make sure you get paid for my mistakes and I couldn't, *mylaimsis*, I *couldn't* do that to you. I love you *so much* Will, it *consumes* me, you hold so much power over me, that sometimes it *scares* me." Hannibal gulps.

"*But-but* you're back now, *right*? You're back and he's *gone*, now Hannibal. And we-we could be *together* again, this time without anyone *overpowering* us." Will stuttered.

"Will, I would *love* to, but-"

"What '*buts*', *Hannibal* you *still love* me, I'm *still in love* with you." Will chided.

"It's not that *simple*, Will, you were promised to the Blooms by your grandfather since birth, to integrate the empires of Bloom and Graham."

"Oh, you mean Alana Bloom? *Damn it Hannibal!* Have you not been keeping up with the news! Alana is married to Margot Verger for the past five years! And who the *hell* told you *that?!* Did father tell you that *too?*" Will snarled.

"No, Will, I just *assumed*-"

"Are you just *fishing* for *excuses* to not be with *me*?" Will murmurs and pushes Hannibal of his way but Hannibal grabs his arm.

"Of course not, love, I'm giving any *excuses but*—"

"Then, *come with me*, back to my penthouse, stay the night with me and prove it. *Prove it* that you're not *running* away, *again*." Will says as he kisses Hannibal again.

"I...can't, Will. I *can't*. I have *missed* you so much, Will but I *can't*."

"*Why?"*

"Because I'm *engaged*, Will."

There's a pregnant pause, Will blanks out for a minute.

"— are you alright?" Hannibal worriedly calls out to him.

Will takes a step back in disbelief looking into Hannibal's eyes.

"Who?" Will manages to speak out.

"His name is Anthony Dimmond, after you, when I went to Florence I was lonely, heartbroken, Will and he loves me Will, and I have come back to America, as we have our wedding here and Anthony wants to stay here after marriage, close to his parents." Hannibal desperately tries to explain, trying to make Will look at him, but Will looks away and scoffs.

Just please for once, Will, look at me! Hannibal pleads internally.

Will shakes his head in disbelief and shoves his arm back and leaves.

"Will, *please* wait."

Will brings a hand up.

"Do you *love* him, Hannibal?" Will whispers his voice soft and his eyes glassy, tears threatening to spill.

"Yes, Will, but it's *nothing*—"

Will laughs bitterly.

"Have a *great* marriage, Hannnibal. I'm sure it will be wonderful. *I'm not going to miss you. I'm not going to find you. I'm not going to look for you. I don't want to know where you are or what you do. I don't want to think about you anymore. Goodbye, Hannibal*."

Hannibal stays freezed in his place as Will leaves hurriedly, a tear falls down his face but he doesn't bother to clean it up and for the first time since the time he left NY back then, he let's the dam break over his shattered heart.

Chapter End Notes

So I have the next chapter in which Will's with someone too but the Endgame will be Hannigram.

My socials gellertlecter.carrd.co

Chapter Three

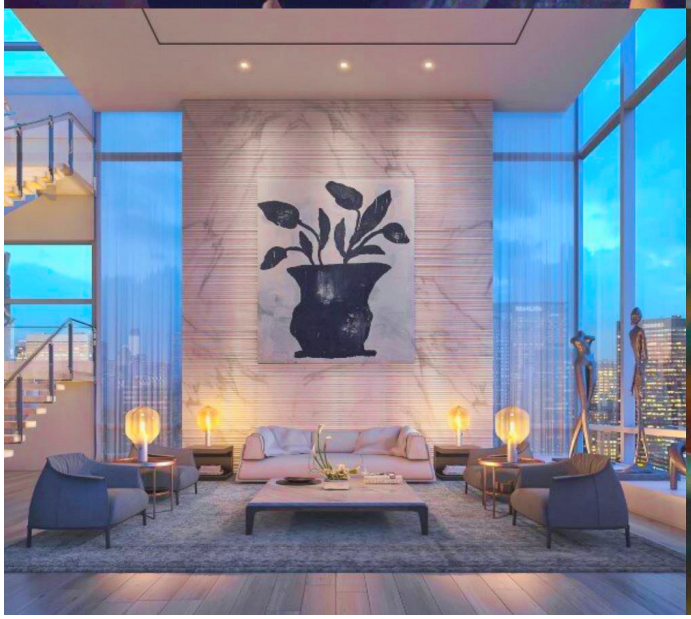
Chapter Summary

Hannibal finds Wil on the balcony and they have a long awaited conversation.

Chapter Notes

I'm back sorry for the delay this writers block killed me.
And see the changes in tags.
I really tried to envision Will Bedelia but I couldn't. Sorry who suggested it and I took the twins way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes



Will Graham sat in his office with a scotch in his hand, deep in thought about the events that conspired last night at the Gala.

Hannibal was *engaged*.

To a fucking guy who looked like Will. Yup, he had Googled about their engagement and saw the pictures.

Anthony Dimmond and Hannibal Lecter met each other in Florence a few months after Hannibal established himself, at the Normal Chapel. Anthony was a curator and Hannibal being an art lover, was visiting. They had immediately clicked.

Oh yes, they *clicked*, Will rolled his eyes at that fully knowing that Hannibal being Hannibal just wanted Will's replacement.

He desperately tries to convince himself of that.

A knock interrupts his daydream, as the door pushes open to reveal Bedelia making her way in.

She raises a brow at the sight of Will drinking 11 in the morning.

"Should I take a guess as to what has happened to make to drink 11 in the morning?" Bedelia asks as she takes a seat across from him.

"You *knew*, but you didn't tell me as a made a fool out of myself yesterday." Will realizes.

"Yes, if you're referring to Hannibal's engagement, I knew, I concluded you had known or I would have warned you about it." Bedelia retorted.

Will chuckles and finishes his drink in one go and gets up to pace around.

"I didn't, I thought that he finally..."

"*Finally*, realized that he's still in love with you?"

"Yes." Will faintly whispers.

"Will, you need to forget him, for your own sake, he's been manipulative since you met, only investing in him to make sure he gets his way, you were a fragment of entertainment to him, young and handsome, future heir of *Graham Innovatives*." Bedelia explains as she comes behind Will as he looks out the glass windows.

"He told me why he left. "

"Yes, that your father threatened to expose you as the murderer. Do you believe it?"

"At this point, no. I believe that father found out but he did threaten to expose Hannibal, not me."

"Another manipulation you see," Bedelia remarks.

"I want him to burn, Bedelia as I burned when he left, make him feel so devastated and helpless like I'm now, to make him suffer like I'm now, knowing I'm in love with him so much that I'll never

feel this way for someone again." Will turns to face Bedelia, his face stiff, eyes red and sharp from anger.

"Do you know one person aside from Hannibal's uncle Robertus, who despises Hannibal the most?" Bedelia questions with a tilt of her head and Will nods.

"Yes, his twin brother, Nigel. They despise and hate each other to the core of their hearts. Hannibal told me about him once, something about Nigel killing Lady Muraski or how Hannibal took away their inheritance to himself alone." Will answered.

Bedelia looks at him with a smirk and then Will gets it.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Will smirks.

"Nigel was last seen around Romania before he got a shoot in the head by the police, he's been living in Belgium off the grid for a while."

"Well, I suppose, Mr. Lecter will be happy to know he's been invited to America."

"I'll have Scott send the plane."

"Oh, Hannibal, you won't even see what's coming to you."

Nigel was surprised to find a letter in his hidden shred.

To, Mr. Nigel Lecter,

Mr. Lecter, what do you think about making your brother making miserable as you are?

Think about the offer, you have till tonight at nine, if you feel up to its report to the Luverus Base and you'll find a private plane waiting for you to take you to New York. Don't worry about getting caught, you won't.

Regards,

Will Graham.

Nigel smirked already making his choice as he went to pack his things.

He had a plane to catch and a brother to annoy.

Will Graham was informed that Nigel boarded the plane and had landed and is being brought to meet him.

He sat on his couch nursing a brandy as the elevator dinged to reveal, Scott followed by Nigel.

Will for a moment lost his thoughts seeing the twin, which looked *just* like his former mentor. He knew they were identical twins but *this much*? He was not.

He got a hold of himself as the twin made his way, wearing a full black suit, his dirty blonde hair long, a longer flick hanging off his head.

"You must be Will fucking Graham." He smirked as Will nodded and poured Nigel a drink from the decanter.

"Yes, you must be Nigel Lecter."

"What did my fucking brother do to you? Must have pissed you off a fucking lot to have you bring me." Nigel accepted the drink and Will stood next to him, silently as Nigel understood.

"Of fucking course, you're fucking in love with him." Nigel shook his head and glared at Will.

"He left, killed my grandfather, made me fall for him, and fucking left. Now it's payback time, so are you in or not?"

Nigel smirked.

"What's the plan, gorgeous?"

Will smirked as he took a sip of his scotch and took an envelope out of his suit jacket.

Nigel took the envelope with the fancy cursive with Will's name and opened it to reveal the invitation of the engagement party of Hannibal Lecter and Anthony Dimmond.

Nigel raised his brow, still not getting Will's plan.

"So, how do you feel about getting engaged? Will enquired.

"After Gabi fucking left me for that fucking American, I would say I don't give a shit about marriage. But when I see it your way I get what you're trying na do. He fucking loves ya too, doesn't he? But he's with this cunt and you want him, don't ya." Nigel snorted.

"I just want revenge I want him to feel the shitty way I'm feeling, I wanna ruin him, ruin that sissy he's marrying to."

"Well, darling boy, you've come to the right guy then coz he fucking hates me more than anyone. Ya sure about this?"

"Oh, I'm sure about this."

"Well, baby I need a big rock then. I ain't coming cheap to you."

"Whatever you want, however much it costs, clothes, watches, suits you have Scott, buy. I don't give a damn about the money." Will drinks up his scotch.

"He's got you hooked, boy."

"Well, now I'm gonna make him sink."

Nigel takes a step towards Will.

"You know you're fucking gorgeous, boy. If I had you in my grasp I won't let you fucking ever go."

Will takes a step back and shakes his head.

"No, look, Nigel, I can't do this with you, you're too much like him."

"I get it, baby just saying won't hurt ya to have some fun while we are at it."

"Oh, we are gonna have the most fun just not that way. The engagement is tomorrow night. I'll have Scott take you to the tailor."

"What am I gonna get out of this?"

"Name your price, I'll have it."

"You better brace up, lover boy."

Will smirked and left for his meeting.

Nigel finished his drink and told Scott to bring him some salmon he was starving and went to his room.

Hannibal sat in his penthouse, drinking his wine, reminsing about the past.

Will and Hannibal had been attached to hip since Grandfather introduced them. Their minds were alike, out to change the world, hungry for the desire to prove themselves.

As they sat under the maple tree of the Graham Estate in the Hamptons, discussing the newest launch of iPhone.

"It's truly genius, Hannibal, I wanna invent something like that too, like one ever has." Young Will Graham dreamily smiles at the sky, Hannibal facing him on side, looking at his smile and the handsome face.

"Absolutlely Will, when you take on the company and I'll have mine we will collaborate and make something the world have never thought they would see."

"Really? Together, Hannibal?" Will glanced at Hannibal with a shock on his face.

"Will, there's something you should know." Hannibal gulped as he looked into the boy's blue irises, so deep you could get lost in them.

"What is it, Hannibal?" Will stared back with confusion.

"I have fallen in love with you, Will Graham, you captivate me in a way no one ever has, your mind is so creative and compassionate, that you drive me crazy, you heart as pure as an angel with your kindness and love I can't fathom and I have fallen, Will. I truly have." Hannibal expressed a his brings his hand to cup Will's cheek and Will leans into the touch.

"Hannibal, from the first tie I saw you I desired you, as our friendship progressed I feel attracted to you, your keen observations, your wit. I fell in love with you too Hannibal, I love you. Never leave me." Will reciprocate as he leans down to kiss Hannibal.

Hannibal brings his hand to touch the lips and closes his eyes to remember the feel of Will's soft lips, of how many nights of passion they spend right under that estate, of how their afternoons they spend under that tree. That day, when they craved a heart in the maple tree ***WG+HL Forever****.*

He thinks about their vows of conquering the world with their wits.

"Goodbye, Hannibal."

He blinks back the tears as he sees Anthony entering the study.

"Hey, you have been here since the morning, are you alright Hannibal."

Hannibal looks up to give him a faint smile.

"You meet *him*, didn't you?" Anthony snorts.

"Yes." Hannibal licks his lips.

"He tried to get you back, didn't he?"

"He did."

"You know I looked him up we look awful *alike*, is there something you wanna tell me Hannibal, before tomorrow?"

Hannibal looks up.

"Was I a *rebound*, Hannibal your way of replacing him?" Anthony angrily inquires.

"I would not lie, yes you were, Anthony."

"That settles it, doesn't it?" Anthony storms out of there.

"Anthony—" Hannibal gets up to go after him but Chilton enters.

"Hannibal, I'm afraid you need you hear this immediately." Frederick firmly says.

"What is it, Frederick."

"Your brother has been spotted around New York, Hannibal, he was seen being escorted around with Graham's associates." Frederick replies.

Hannibal groans and clasps a hand over his face, mentally cursing himself for telling Will about Nigel.

Chapter End Notes

Well there ya go sorry young hannigram .
Belive me the ending will be Hannigram
I thigh about changing Anthony to Adam raking making this a full on Hannibal Extended Universe but left it
So, how's it please please tell.

Talk to me with any ideas with my social:

Gellertlecter.carrd.co

End Notes

Find me on my socials gellertlecter.carrd.co

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!